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Chas. P. Daly

THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN GAY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modò pressius, modò elatius: atque ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. Epist.

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THE

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THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

DUBLIN:

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

MR. *JOHN GAY*, an original poetic genius, was descended of an ancient family, which derived his name from *Gilbert le Gay* of *Hampton Gay* in *Oxfordshire*, who in right of his wife, the daughter and heir of the family of *Curteyse* or *Curtis*, became possessed of the lordship of *Goldworthy* in *Devonshire*, the ancient seat of the name of *Gay* for many generations. Our author was born in the year of the Revolution 1688, near *Barnstable* in that county, and put to the free-school there under an excellent master, Mr. *William Rayner*, who being bred at *Westminster*, taught in the method of that school. Thus he had the advantage of being imbued with a just taste of the

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classics; but the family estate being much reduced, his fortune was not sufficient to support him as a gentleman *, and therefore, his friends chose to breed him to some genteel trade. Accordingly, he was put apprentice to a silk-mercer in *London*. But this step was taken without consulting the youth's taste and temper. The condition of an apprentice appeared too illiberal; he was not made it seems for a counter-castor. The shop soon became his aversion, he was seldom seen in it, and in a few years his master, upon the offer of a small consideration, willingly consented to give up his indentures; having thus purchased the ease of his mind, he indulged himself freely and fully in that course of life, to which he was irresistibly drawn by nature. Genius concurred with inclination; poetry was at once his delight and his talent; and he suffered not his muse to be disturbed, by any disagreeable attention to the expence of cultivating it.

These qualities recommended him to such company and acquaintance as he most affected; and among others, to dean *Swift* and Mr. *Pope*, who were exceedingly struck with the open sincerity, and undisguised simplicity of his manners, and the easiness of his temper. To this last gentleman he addressed the first fruits of his muse, intitled, *Rural Sports*, a *Georgic*, printed in 1711. This piece discovered a rich poetical vein, peculiar to himself, and met with some agreeable attestations of its merit, that would have been enjoyed with a higher relish, had not the pleasure been interrupted by the ill state of his finances, which by an uncommon degree of thoughtlessness and

* In his Rural Sports he says:

He never had been blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plowshares in paternal land.

culli-

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cullibility *, were reduced now to a low ebb. Our poet's purſe was an unerring barometer of his ſpirits; which ſinking with it, left him in the apprehenſion of a ſervile dependance, a condition he dreaded above any thing that could befal him. However, the clouds were ſhortly diſpelled by the kindneſs of the duchess of *Monmouth*, who appointed him her ſecretary in 1712, with a handſome ſalary. This ſeaſonable favour ſeating him in a coach, though not his own, kindled his muſe into a new pregnancy. He firſt produced his celebrated poem, called, *Trivia, or, the Art of walking the Streets.* And the following year, at the inſtance of Mr. *Pope*, he formed the plan of his *Paſtorals*. There is not perhaps in hiſtory a more remarkable example of the force of friendſhip in an author, than was the undertaking and finiſhing this inimitable poem. Mr. *Pope* in his ſubſcription of the *Hanover-club* to his tranſlation of the *Iliad*, had been ill uſed by Mr. *Philips* their ſecretary, and his rival in this ſpecies of poetry: The tranſlator highly reſented the affront, and meditating revenge, intimates to his friend *Gay*, how greatly it was in his power to pluck the bayes from this envied rival's forehead. Our author immediately engages in his friend's quarrel, and executes his requeſt even beyond his expectation. The rural ſimplicity neglected by *Pope*, and admired in *Philips*, was found in its true guiſe only in the *Shepherd's Week*. Here only nature was ſeen exactly ſuch as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein.

* Theſe are the words of dean Swift many years afterwards, who there obſerves, that Providence never deſigned him, for this reaſon, to be above two and twenty. Letter 33d in Pope's Works, vol. ix. edit. 1742.

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This exquiſite piece came out in 1714, with a dedication to lord *Bolingbroke* *.

In the mean time, ſo noble a way of ſerving his friend, was the ſure way of ſerving himſelf. The moſt promiſing views opened to him at court, he was careſſed by ſome leading perſons in the miniſtry, and his patroneſs rejoiced to ſee him taken from her houſe to attend the earl of *Clarendon*, as ſecretary in his embaſſy to the court of *Hanover* the ſame year. But, whatever were his hopes from this new advancement, it is certain, they begun and ended almoſt together; for queen *Anne* died in fifteen days after their arrival at *Hanover*. However, this did not prove an irreparable loſs; his preſent ſituation made him perſonally known to the ſucceeding royal family, and returning home he made a proper uſe of it, in a handſome compliment on the princeſs of *Wales*, conſort to his majeſty king *George* II. at her arrival in *England* †. This addreſs procured him a favourable admittance at the new court, and that raiſing a new flow of ſpirits, he wrote his incomparable farce, *The what d'ye call it*, which was brought upon the ſtage before the end of the ſeaſon, and honoured with their royal highneſſes preſence. The profits, likewiſe, brought ſome uſeful recruits to his fortune, and his poetical merit being endeared by the ſweetneſs and ſincerity of his nature, procured him an eaſy acceſs to perſons of the firſt diſtinction, and he paſſed his time among the great with much ſatisfaction, notwithſtanding the

* Dean Swift merrily calls this dedication, our author's original ſin againſt the court, viz. in the ſucceeding reigns. Ibid. Lett. vi.

† See his "Epiſtle to a Lady occaſioned by the arrival of her royal highneſs the Princeſs of Wales;" printed in his Works.

baulk

baulk of his expectation of ſome ſubſtantial favour from the new court, where he met with nothing better than a ſmile. In 1716, he made a viſit to his native country at the expence of lord *Bur'ington*, and he paid his lordſhip with an humorous account of the journey. The like return was made for Mr. *Pultney*'s [late earl of *Bath*] favour, who took him in his company the following year to *Aix* in *France* *.

This jaunting about with ſome decent appointments, was one of the higheſt reliſhed pleaſures of Mr. *Gay*'s life †, and never failed of calling forth his muſe. Soon after his return from *France*, he introduced to the ſtage, *The three hours after marriage*. His friends Mr. *Pope* and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, had both a hand in this performance, and the two principal characters were acted by two of the beſt comedians at that time, *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Oldfield*: yet, with all theſe helps nd advantages, it was very ill received, if not condemned the firſt night. Our author ſtood the brunt with an unuſual degree of magnanimity, which ſeems to be inſpired by a hearty regard for his partners, eſpecially, Mr. *Pope*, who was greatly affected with it: Mr. *Gay* continued as before to mix with quality, and ſo encircled ſtood invulnerable. In 1718, he accompanied Mr. *Pope* to lord *Harcourt*'s ſeat in *Oxfordſhire*, where they clubb'd wits in conſecrating to poſterity the death of two ruſtical lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a ſtroke of lightning.

* They are both printed in his Works. This laſt ſhews on which ſide his friends lay, for Mr. Pultney had reſigned his place of ſecretary of war, in April preceding. Salmon's Chron. Hiſt. anno 1717.

† This foible is raillied by dean Swift, with his uſual kind ſeverity to our author. See Letters xlix. and lvii. in Pope's Works, vol. ix.

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In 1720, he recruited his purse again by a handsome subscription to his poems, which he collected and printed in two vols. 4to. But falling into the general infatuation of that remarkable year, he lost all his fortune in the *South-sea* scheme, and consequently all his spirits. In reality, this stroke had almost proved fatal to him, he was seized with a violent cholic, and after languishing some time, removed in 1722, to *Hampstead*, for the benefit of the air and waters; but by the assistance of Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who constantly attended him, at length he recovered, and set about writing his tragedy called, *The Captives*; which, when finished, he had the honour of reading from the manuscript to queen *Caroline*, then princess of *Wales* in 1724. Her royal highness also promised him further marks of her favour, if he would write some fables in verse for the use of the duke of *Cumberland*. Accordingly, he undertook the task, and published the fables in 1726, with a dedication to that prince. All this was done against the advice of Mr. *Pope*, the duke being then only an infant; and the result happened as that friend presaged, to be very disagreeable to him, as he was thought to have made too free with the court in several bold strokes in those fables, into which his natural sincerity, and regard for truth, involuntarily betrayed him.

Upon the accession of his late majesty *George* II. to the throne, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to the then youngest princess *Louisa*; a post which he thought beneath his acceptance *: and re-

* He excused himself as being too far advanced in life. Dean Swift is very merry upon it, and observes to him, that O. Cromwell did not begin to appear till he was older. Ibid. Lett. xxix.

senting

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senting the offer as an affront; in that ill-humour with the court, he wrote the famous *Beggar's Opera*, which being brought upon the stage in the beginning of *November* 1727, was received with greater applause than had ever been known on any occasion. For besides, being acted in *London* sixty-three days, without interruption, and renewed the next season with success, it spread into all the great towns of *England*, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at *Bath* and *Bristol* fifty, &c. It made its progress into *Wales*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, where it was performed twenty-four days successively; and lastly, was acted in *Minorca*. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only: the person who acted *Polly*, till then obscure, became at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests; and to crown all, after being the mother of several ante-nuptial children, she obtained the title and rank of a duchess by marriage. There is scarcely, if at all, to be found in history an example, where a private subject, undistinguished either by birth or fortune, had it in his power to feast his resentment so richly at the expence of his sovereign. But this was not all: He went on in the same humour, and cast a second part in the like-fashioned mould; which being excluded from the stage by the lord *Chamberlain*, he was encouraged to print with the title of *Polly*, by subscription, and this too, considering the powers employed against it, was incredibly large, and *Colley Cibber* in his view of the

English stage observes, that he got more money this way, than he possibly could by a bare theatrical representation. Neither yet did it end here. The duke and duchess of *Queensberry* took part in resenting the indignity put upon him by this last act of power, resigned their respective places at court, took our author into their house and family, and treated him with all the endearing kindness, of an intimate and much beloved friend.

The following copy of verses were handed about in manuscript, on the subject of his dissatisfaction with the court, which appeared by his rejecting the late offer, and never having been printed, are here presented to the reader.

A mother who vast pleasure finds,
In forming of her children's minds;
In midst of whom with vast delight,
She passes many a winter's night;
Mingles in every play to find
What bias nature gave the mind;
Resolving thence to take her aim,
To guide them to the realms of fame;
And wisely make those realms their way,
To those of everlasting day;
Each boist'rous passion she'd controul,
And early humanise the soul;
The noblest notions would inspire,
As they were sitting by the fire;
Her offspring, conscious of her care,
Transported hung around her chair.
Of Scripture heroes would she tell,
Whose names they'd lisp, ere they could spell;

Then

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Then the delighted mother ſmiles,
And ſhews the ſtory in the tiles.
At other times her themes would be,
The ſages of antiquity;
Who left a glorious name behind,
By being bleſſings to their kind:
Again ſhe'd take a nobler ſcope,
And tell of *Addiſon* and *Pope*.

This happy mother met one day,
A book of fables writ by *Gay*;
And told her children, here's a treaſure,
A fund of wiſdom, and of pleaſure.
Such decency! ſuch elegance!
Such morals! ſuch exalted ſenſe!
Well has the poet found the art,
To raiſe the mind, and mend the heart.
Her favourite boy the author ſeiz'd,
And as he read, ſeem'd highly pleas'd;
Made ſuch reflections every page,
The mother thought above his age:
Delighted read, but ſcarce was able
To finiſh the concluding fable.
What ails my child, the mother cries,
Whoſe ſorrows now have fill'd your eyes:
Oh! dear mamma, can he want friends,
Who writes for ſuch exalted ends?
Oh! baſe degenerate human kind,
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should *Gay* complain; but now, alas,
Through what a world am I to paſs;
Where friendſhip's but an empty name,
And merit's ſcarcely paid in fame.

Reſolv'd to lull his woes to reſt,
She told him he ſhould hope the beſt;

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That who instruct the royal race,
Can't fail of some distinguish'd place.
Mamma, if you were queen, says he,
And such a book was writ for me;
I know 'tis so much to your taste,
That *Gay* would keep his coach at least.

My child, what you suppose is true,
I see its excellence in you;
Poets whose writings mend the mind,
A noble recompense should find:
But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
From the best privilege of crowns;
The glorious godlike power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress.

But, dear mamma, I long to know,
Were that the case, what you'd bestow?
What I'd bestow, says she, my dear,
At least five hundred pounds a year.

These noble additions to his fame, his fortune, and his friendships, inspired him with fresh vigour, raised him to a degree of confidence and assurance, and he was even prompted to think that the *The Wife of Bath*, despised and rejected as it had been *, might with some improvements, which he could now give it, be made to taste the sweets of this happy change in his fortune. In this temper he revised and altered it, and brought it again new dressed upon the stage in 1729, but had the mortification to see all his sanguine hopes of its success blasted; it met with the same fate in the playhouse as formerly. This rebuff happened in *March* 1729-30: and thereupon, the

* Viz. In 1714, when it was first acted. Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

evil

evil spirit of melancholy entered into him; which with the return of his constitutional distemper the cholic, gave a new edge to the sense of his disappointments at court, with respect to the *Beggar's Opera*. In that satire, he had it seems flattered himself with the hopes of awing the court into a disposition to take him into favour, in the view of its being necessary to keep so powerful a pen in good humour, and engaging it on their side.

This last refinement upon his misery, added to the former indignities, threw him into a dejection, which he in vain endeavoured to remove by another tour into *Somersetshire*, in 1731. In short, he grew incurable. But the state both of his body and mind, cannot be so satisfactorily described, as it is in his own account of it to Mr. *Pope*. "My melancholy (says "he) increases, and every hour threatens me with "some return of my distemper. Nay, I think, I "may rather say, I have it on me. Not the divine "looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine duchess, who hereafter shall be in place of a "queen to me, nay, she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible goodness of the duke can in the least "cheer me. The drawingroom no more receives "light from these two stars. There is now (what "*Milton* says in *Hell*) darkness visible. O that I had "never known what a court was. Dear *Pope*, what "a barren soil (to me so) have I been striving to produce something out of! Why did not I take your "advice before my writing fables for the duke, not "to write them, or rather to write them for some "young nobleman? It is my hard fate, I must get "nothing, write for them or against them." In this disposition, it is no wonder that we find him rejecting

ing a proposal, made to him by this last mentioned friend in 1732, of trying his muse upon the *Hermitage*, then lately built by queen *Caroline* in *Richmond-gardens*: to which he answers with a fixed despondency, that "he knew himself unworthy of royal patronage."

However, in the sweetly delightful retirement of *Amesbury*, a seat of his noble patron, near *Stonehenge* upon *Salisbury* plain, he found lucid intervals enough to finish his opera called, *Achilles*, and coming with the family to his grace's house in *Burlington-gardens*, to pass the winter season, he gave that piece to the play-house, and the week after was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, in three days put a period to his life, *December* 11, 1732. In this short illness he was attended by two physicians, besides Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who particularly observed, that it was the most precipitate case he ever knew; meaning, after the fever shewed itself: for there were prognostics enough to predict his approaching end long before, and he himself was sensible of it. In the beginning of *October*, he sent Mr. *Pope* the last gift, as a token to be kept in remembrance of his dying friend, declaring, that he found by many warnings he had no continuing city here. "I begin (says he) to look "upon myself as one already dead, and desire, my "dear Mr. *Pope*, whom I love as my own soul, if "you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone "should mark the place of my grave, see these words "put upon it:

Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.

"With

"With what else you may think proper." This dying request was executed by that friend with remarkable piety *, and the following epitaph was also inscribed on a very handsome marble monument erected to his memory by the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who took care to have his body interred with a suitable funeral solemnity. The corps was brought by the company of upholders, from his grace's house to *Exeter-change* in the *Strand*; where after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a herse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and six horses to *Westminster-Abbey*, at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 23d of *December*: the pall was supported by the earl of *Chesterfield*, the lord viscount *Cornbury*, the honourable Mr. *Berkely*, general *Dormer*, Mr. *Gore*, and Mr. *Pope*; the service being performed by the then dean, Dr. *Wilcox*, bishop of *Rochester*, the choir attending. He was interred in the *South-cross-isle*, against the tomb of *Chaucer*, near the place were stands his monument.

* His moral character is particularly insisted on; perhaps, the more, as it had been aspersed by Jacob in his Lives of the poets; which, however, had been revenged by Pope in the Dunciad, lib. iii. ver. 149, 150. first edition.

Here

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Here lies the aſhes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmeſt friend;
The moſt benevolent man:
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumſtances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midſt of a corrupt age;
And that equal ſerenity of mind,
Which conſcious goodneſs alone can give,
Through the whole courſe of his life.

Favourite of the Muſes,
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refin'd in taſte,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none,
His works continue to inſpire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorn'd;
Deteſtation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however diſgraced.

Charles and *Catherine*, duke and ducheſs of *Queenſberry*, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead; have cauſed this monument to be erected to his memory.

Of

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Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, ſimplicity a child;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age.
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great.
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end:
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms——*Here lies* GAY.

The opera of *Achilles* was brought upon the ſtage ſoon after his death, and met with a very good reception, which was greatly promoted by the duke of *Queenſberry*, who was uncommonly aſſiduous in patronizing it; and who, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, acted in this, and every thing elſe, more than the part of a brother to his deceaſed friend. It was alſo, through the influence of his example, that the profits of the repreſentation were given by the managers of the playhouſe to our author's two widow ſiſters, *Katherine* and *Johanna*, relicts of Mr. *Ballet* and Mr. *Forteſcue*, who, as heirs at law, ſhared his fortune (about the ſum of 3000l.) equally between them; which diſpoſition was agreeable to his own deſire, and therefore it was that he made no will. He left ſeveral manuſcripts behind him, ſome of which came into the hands of Mr. *Pope*, who, for that part of them, took care, no doubt (as he promiſed dean *Swift*) to ſuppreſs ſuch as he judged unworthy of him. A few years after his death,

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death, there was publiſhed under his name a comedy, called, *The diſtreſſed Wife*, the ſecond edition of which was printed in 1750; and in 1754, there appeared a humorous piece inſcribed to him, with the title of *The Rehearſal at Goatham*.

RURAL

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RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED

TO MR. POPE.

———*Securi Prælia ruris*
Pandimus. NEMESIAN.

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RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

TO MR. POPE.

YOU, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In *Windſor* groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf the Muſe enjoy.
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows, 5
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the *Syrens* warble in thy ſong.
But I, who ne'er was bleſs'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land, 10
Long in the noiſie town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoak, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſie mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry Tongue 15
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to int'reſt's dearer ties;
Each rival *Machiavel* with envy burns,
And honeſty forſakes them all by turns; 20
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt; a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my harraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Wh

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Where fields, and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime, 25
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhime.
My muſe ſhall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains,
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the *Mantuan* ſwain, and you. 30

'Tis not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day, 35
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the freſh ſpring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground, 40
The lab'rer with the bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows, 45
The fading herbage round he looſely throws;
But if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhow'r,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour,
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcatt'ring fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake; 50
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright *Phœbus* gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake, 55
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;

O lead

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O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers:
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines; 60
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the ſtreams
Whoſe rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;
Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt, 65
And ev'n at noon the ſweets of ev'ning taſte.

Here I peruſe the *Mantuan*'s Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of *Italian* ſwains;
In ev'ry page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all *Heſperia* opens to my eyes. 70
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:
Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow, 75
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoaking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein; 80
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs, 85
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend;
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend:
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears. 90

Or

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Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling chears the woods; the feather'd choir 95
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to *Neptune*'s bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day; 100
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing *Cynthia* lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends; 110
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle steer,
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse 115
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,

No

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No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds, 125
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams. 130
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with every watry ſnare;
His hooks, his lines peruſe with careful eye,
Encreaſe his tackle, and his rod retye.

When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain, 135
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift deſcending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then, ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the ſkies, 140
The fiſher to the neighbouring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation chears his eager thought, 145
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where every gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.

Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows; 150
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fiſherman, now twitch the line! 155
How thy rod bends! behold the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.

You

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper biat to choose; 160
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil. 170

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
You now a more delusive art must try, 175
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require; 180
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easie hearts betrays, 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;

In

In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try 195
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw; 200
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine thro' every part,
That nature seems to live again in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair; 210
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play, 215
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225
The wanton errors of the floating fly,

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He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away. 230
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound, 235
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art; 240
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes;
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
'Till tir'd at last, dispoil'd of all his strength, 245
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air; 250
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping gidlies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds 260

Perplex

Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide-encircling net display, 275
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soale and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,
When *Ceres* pours out plenty from her horn,
And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising shaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290

With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholsome board!
Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, 301
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scowrs with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows, 310
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing *Phœbus* gilds the mountain's head, 320
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,

Let

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Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around, 325
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratifie thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade; 330
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſt'ned plains;
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear, 335
But what's the fowler's be the muſe's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey;
The flutt'ring coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies; 340
The ſcatt'ring lead purſues the certain ſight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take, 345
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets ſing, 351
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor ſhall the mountain lark the muſe detain, 355
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain;

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When, midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays;
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies: 360
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But ſtill the chaſe, a pleaſing taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as *Aurora* drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſie light, 365
The healthy huntſman, with the chearful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouze from ſleep, and anſwer ſounds for ſounds;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake: 370
The flying game their ſmoaking noſtrils trace,
No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;
The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods reſound the flying war: 375
The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;
Hills, dales and foreſts far behind remain, 380
While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?
Hark! death advances in each guſt of wind!
New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies; 385
Till ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But ſtay, advent'rous muſe, haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?

To

To keep thy ſeat unmov'd haſt thou the ſkill 390
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Can'ſt thou the ſtag's laborious chaſe direct,
Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters, ſpare this weak eſſay. 395

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with encreaſing ſtore, 400
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barb'rous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain: 405
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.

What happineſs the rural maid attends, 410
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what heav'n has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame) 415
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe;
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies, 420
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt:

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No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs, 425
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state controul,
Nor watchful jealousie torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race 430
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool:
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind. 435

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove;
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
Ye murm'ring streams that in *Mæanders* roll, 440
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell.——The city calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

THE

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

——ἐνθά δὲ θελήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἔνθα ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ἐραρυῖα,
Πάφασις ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονέοντος·
Τὴν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν. Hom. Iliad. 14.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide fan by *Persian* dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in *China*'s artful land, 5
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in *Asian* climates rove,
To seek in *Indostan* some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervor of meridian skies, 10
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busie gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly, 15
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall *Bermudas* long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in *Waller*'s strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20
Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair *Palmetto* grows:

Lik

Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head,
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears, 25
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which ſhrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun: 30
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.

Stay, wand'ring Muſe, nor rove in foreign climes,
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhimes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ, 35
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of Love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.

Strephon had long confeſs'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay *Corinna* rally'd with diſdain: 40
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhim'd, he danc'd:
Now call'd more pow'rful preſents to his aid, 45
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flatt'ry in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride:
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame. 50
When *Strephon* ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;
Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſick, but to feed his pain.
To *Venus* now the ſlighted Boy complains, 55
And calls the Goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains.

O potent

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O potent Queen, from *Neptune*'s empire ſprung,
Whoſe glorious birth admiring *Nereids* ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of *Cyprus* rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the *Paphian* grove, 60
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous Goddeſs, teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If loſt *Adonis* e'er thy boſom warm'd, 65
If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſie minutes know my pain. 70
Ev'n while *Cydippe* to *Diana* bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh, may my flame, like thine, *Acontius*, prove, 75
May *Venus* dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of ſuitors *Atalanta* try'd,
She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Purſu'd his wiſhes in the dang'rous race; 80
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O *Venus*, was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair,
Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes, 85
She ſtoops; he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, *Cyprian* Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love *Corinna*'s heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm her ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight. 9

Th

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Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to *Venus* and the God of love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busie *Cupids*, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply, 105
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen: 120
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;

Here

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Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.
There stands the *Toilette*, nursery of charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide, 131
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient days, 135
Bad *Babylon* her mighty bulwarks raise;
A swarm of lab'rers diff'rent tasks attend:
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
'Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to *Cythera*'s plains;
Strait to the grot with graceful step she goes, 145
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious *Loves*, your present toils forbear, 151
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen 155
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with *Argus*' eyes?

Ha

Have ye not ſeen him in the ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay, 160
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one center part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide, 165
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe. 170
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy,
With various play bid grateful *Zephyrs* riſe,
While love in ev'ry grateful *Zephyr* flies.

The maſter *Cupid* traces out the lines, 175
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns,
Th' expecting *Loves* with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart; 180
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine. 190

The Goddeſs pleas'd the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;

With

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With the light fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy lovers, how will you withſtand, 195
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd, 200
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black-lead combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the ſex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210
In the bright air the dreadful fauchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling ſlings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men thoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe,
Wide-waſteful death from thund'ring cannon flies,
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain, 215
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhews,
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws; 220
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dreſs ſinks, and now aſpires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How

How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring!
What force of thought, what numbers can expreſs,
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs? 230
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain,
How to adjuſt the mantua's ſweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound?
But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe, nor boldly dare 235
The *Toilette*'s ſacred myſteries declare;
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy manteaus ruſtle in my verſe; 240
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flow'rs grow ſtiff with froſted gold,
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heav'n's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers;
Great *Jove* above the reſt exalted ſate,
And in his mind revolv'd ſucceeding fate,
His awful eye with ray ſuperior ſhone, 5
The thunder-graſping eagle guards his throne;
On ſilver clouds the great aſſembly laid,
The whole creation at one view ſurvey'd.

But ſee, fair *Venus* comes in all her ſtate,
The wanton *Loves* and *Graces* round her wait; 10
With her looſe robe officious *Zephyrs* play,
And ſtrow with odoriferous flowers the way,
In her right hand ſhe waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting ſounds her ſpeech began.

Aſſembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide, 15
Who o'er the ſea, the ſkies and earth preſide,
Ye fountains whence all human bleſſings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firſt rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ſtream with genr'ous wine;

Induſtrious

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Induſtrious *Ceres* tam'd the ſavage ground, 21
And pregnant fields with golden harveſts crown'd;
Flora with bloomy ſweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is *Pomona*'s care.
I firſt taught woman to ſubdue mankind, 25
And all her native charms with dreſs refin'd:
Celeſtial Synod, this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool *Zephyrs* play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe,
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes; 30
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in *Juno*'s hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great *Jove*'s command;
On *Pallas*' arm the *Gorgon* ſhield appears, 35
And *Neptune*'s mighty graſp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrung bow points out the *Cynthian* Queen;
Henceforth the waving fan my hands ſhall grace,
The waving fan ſupply the ſceptre's place. 40
Who ſhall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let *Loves* and *Graces* lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
Let *Cupid*'s arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains 45
With unreſiſting nymphs, and am'rous ſwains:
May glowing picture o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with the warm deſign.
Diana roſe; with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground; 50
Then with becoming mien ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid.
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does

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Does man againſt her charms too pow'rful prove, 55
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh, conquer by ſurprize?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows; 60
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let *Cupid* rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cheriſh'd pride, 65
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the ſoil,
Where the green emerald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond ſparkle in her ear, 75
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if *Venus*' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtic engine be decreed, 80
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy, and *Hymen*'s woe.

Here let the wretched *Ariadne* ſtand,
Seduc'd by *Theſeus* to ſome deſart land,
Her locks diſhevell'd waving in the wind, 85
The cryſtal tears confeſs her tortur'd mind;

The

The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, *Theseus*, stay;
But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they. 90
All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint *Dido* there amidst her last distress, 95
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound:
Her sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,
Accuses heaven with lifted eyes and hands, 100
Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;
They're *Trojans* all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw *OEnone* in the lonely grove, 105
Where *Paris* first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the false youth wove for *OEnone*'s brow,
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled; 110
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And *Xanthus*' waves with mournful look surveys;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:
These streams shall sooner to their fountain move, 115
Than I forget my dear OEnone'*s love.*
Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, *OEnone* is undone.

Ah

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Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120
When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended, merry *Momus* rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste *Diana* on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the *Cynthian* Queen;
On *Latmos*' top see young *Endymion* lies; 135
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds; fear *Actæon*'s head;
Let vig'rous *Pan* th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150

Why

Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth *Aurora*'s paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face;
See *Cephalus* her wanton airs deſpiſe, 155
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſion ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart perſuade,
But with diſdain he quits the roſie maid. 160
Here let diſſolving *Leda* grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r, 165
And ſoften *Danae* in a glitt'ring ſhow'r.
Would you warn beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage *Minerva* place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face; 170
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe chears the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain 175
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain,
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What, ſpoil her face! no. Warbling ſtrains farewell.
Shall arts—ſhall ſciences employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath *Minerva*'s care. 180
From *Venus* let her learn the marry'd life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.

Here

Here on a couch extend the *Cyprian* dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The God of war within her clinging arms, 185
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping *Vulcan* with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace. 190
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

BOOK III.

THUS *Momus* ſpoke. When ſage *Minerva* roſe,
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows,
Her ſkilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill, 5
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled Pow'rs conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the fan. 10

O'er the fair field, trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies. 20

She

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She various fables on the piece design'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in *Niobe* ſhe drew:
Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue:
In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood, 25
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;
Upon her ſhoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her ſweeps the ground,
Whoſe ſpacious border golden flow'rs ſurround: 30
She made *Latona*'s altars ceaſe to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her ſacred name,
To her own charms ſhe bad freſh incenſe riſe,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born, 35
Seven graceful ſons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant diſdain,
Were by *Latona*'s double offſpring ſlain.
Here *Phœbus* his unerring arrow drew,
And from his riſing ſteed her firſt-born threw, 40
His op'ning fingers drop the ſlacken'd rein,
And the pale corſe falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wreſtlers bend,
See, to the graſp their ſwelling nerves diſtend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
And death unites them in a ſtrict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When heav'n purſues we ſhun the ſtroke in vain.
This lifts his ſupplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midſt his humble adoration dies. 50
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A ſurer weapon ſtrikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raiſe his wounded brother tries,
Death blaſts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

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The tender ſiſters bath'd in grief appear, 55
With ſable garments and diſhevell'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood,
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate. 60
Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows, 65
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe,
Fixt in aſtoniſhment ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her childrens blood;
She ſtiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In eaſie ringlets wantons in the air; 70
Motion forſakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans diſplay, 75
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore,
Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,
And goddeſſes confeſs inferior charms, 80
Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris'* paſſion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
Who rolls her ſick'ning eyes, and gaſps for life;
Her drooping head upon her ſhoulder lies,
And purple gore her ſnowy boſom dies.

What

What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent, your peace.
For when fierce love to jealousie ferments, 95
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the *Volscian* Queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100
Gay *Chloreus'* arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground 105
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays; 110
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot lure her wandring eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd. 120
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:

O'er the ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
His ſpreading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
And in a ſhort-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows. 126

Let vain *Narciſſus* warn each female breaſt,
That beauty's but a tranſient good at beſt.
Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130
Oh *Araminta*, ceaſe thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithleſs charms confide;
Ev'n while the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
Their luſtre and thy roſie colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures ſhine, 135
And all the powers applaud the wiſe deſign.

The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the ſynod leaves.
To the low world ſhe bends her ſteepy way,
Where *Strephon* paſs'd the ſolitary day; 140
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-caſt eyes betray'd deſponding love,
The wounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore falſe *Corinna*'s name;
In a cool ſhade he lay with folded arms, 145
Curſes his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When *Venus* to his wandring eyes appears,
And with theſe words relieves his am'rous cares.

Riſe, happy youth, this bright machine ſurvey,
Whoſe rattling ſticks my buſy fingers ſway, 150
This preſent ſhall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle boſom kindle love.

The fan ſhall flutter in all female hands,
And various faſhions learn from various lands.
For this, ſhall elephants their ivory ſhed; 155
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread:

His

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His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And round the rivet pearly circles ſhine.
On this ſhall *Indians* all their art employ,
And with bright colours ſtain the gaudy toy; 160
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion ſhow;
So ſhall the *Britiſh* fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to diſtant climates rove.
Here *China*'s ladies ſhall their pride diſplay, 165
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array;
This boaſts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here croſs-leg'd nobles in rich ſtate ſhall dine,
There in bright mail diſtorted heroes ſhine. 170
The peeping fan in modern times ſhall riſe,
Through which unſeen the female ogle flies;
This ſhall in temples the ſly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay *France* ſhall make the fan her artiſt's care, 175
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned Orators that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſt'ning throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue. 180
So ſhall each paſſion by the fan be ſeen,
From noiſie anger to the ſullen ſpleen.

While *Venus* ſpoke, joy ſhone in *Strephon*'s eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.
But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill, 185
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to *Leander*'s panting boſom flew:
Leander lov'd; and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190

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Sweet ſmiles *Corinna* to his ſighs returns,
And for the fop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo *Strephon* comes! and with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of *Niobe* beheld, 195
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd: Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In *Procris'* boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart, 200
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her *Strephon*'s conſtancy ſincere.
When on *Camilla*'s fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:
She learns *Leander*'s paſſion to deſpiſe, 205
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies. 210
Thus *Pallas* taught her. *Strephon* weds the dame,
And *Hymen*'s torch diffus'd the brigheſt flame.

THE

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THE

SHEPHERD's WEEK.

IN

SIX PASTORALS.

——Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.—— Virg.

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THE

P R O E M E

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, *in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of* Theocritus, *before this mine attempt.*

Other Poet travailing in this plain highway of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain *much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a* British *Poet's imitation, than those of* Sicily *or* Arcadie; *albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what,* Golden Age, *and other outrageous*

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outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age [illegible] he instiled Golden, *as this of* our Sovereign Lady Queen [illegible]

This idle trumpery (only fit for [illegible] schoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick *Shepherd* Theocritus, [illegible] *mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth* Idyll, *maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.*

Ὠπόλων ὦκα ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦνται
Ταυται ὀφθαλμὼς ὅτι ὑ τράγων αὐτὸς ἴγανο. Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns; or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the Burgesses of this realme.

Furthermore it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton *hath elegantly set forth the same.*

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breath
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Then

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Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer *well observeth.*

Well is known that since the *Saxon* King
Never was wolf here, many or some
Nor in all *Kent* nor in Christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, *soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his Names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as* Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, *and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the* shepherd's calendar, *and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting* Sunday *or the* Sabbath, *ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister* Spencer's *eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.*

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar

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gar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to be seen fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is. Yet in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London *mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.*

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of Simplicity *shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.*

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thy self with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy Loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erſt beneath a tree
Sung *Bumkinet* and *Bouzybee*,
And *Blouzelind* and *Marian* bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good lord of *Bolingbroke*.

As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen haut-boy ſound,
Our *Clerk* came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *Queen*;
That *Queen*, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet *Peace that maketh riches flow*;
That *Queen* who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.

At this, in tears was *Cic'ly* ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps ſtood ev'ry clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd *Queen ANNE* to *Elzabeth*,
I broke my reed, and ſighing ſwore
I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.

While

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While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leach (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſay had wrought this bleſſed deed,
This leach *Arbuthnot* was yclept,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious Sov'reign ſtill:
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, mayſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheer, ſwains, oh ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep
To ſwell his couch; for well I ween,
He ſav'd the realm who ſav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, Pleaſe God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this *Arbuthnot* to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue;
My boxen haut-boy ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For *Lightfoot* and my ſcrip I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum withouten dreed;
For Peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of Grenadier.

There ſaw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I'll ſing *Buxoma* brown,
Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;
Nor *Clumſilis*, nor *Marian* bright,
Nor damſel that *Hobnelia* height.
But *Lanſdown* freſh as flow'r of *May*,
And *Berkley* lady blithe and gay,

And

And *Anglesey* whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming *Hyde*, with eyes so rare,
And *Montague* beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As *Oxford*, who a wand doth bear,
Like *Moses*, in our Bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to *Britain Indian* mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to Church and Queen.
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle *Gay*,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of States and Kings
Wait, while our *Bowzybeus* sings.

Rather

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Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Shou'd ſtay the trade of *France* or *Spain*,
Or for the plaint of Parſon's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy *Paul*,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY;

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MONDAY;

OR, THE

SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the Welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear?

CUDDY.

Ah *Lobbin Clout!* I ween, my plight is guest,
For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest*;
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And *Blouzelinda*'s mistress of thy heart. 10
This rising tear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.

Line 3. *Welkin* the same as *Welken*, an old *Saxon* word signifying *a Cloud*; by poetical license it is frequently taken for the *Element* or *Sky*, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of *Chaucer*,

Ne in all the Welkin was no Cloud.

Sheen or *Shine*, an old word for *shining* or *bright*.

5. *Scant*, used in the ancient *British* authors for *scarce*.

6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of *England*, for *early in the morning*.

7. *Ween*, derived from the *Saxon*, to *think* or *conceive*.

And

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And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee *Blouzelinda* ſmites, *Buxoma* me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind!* I love thee more by half, 15
Than Does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may bliſters ſore it gall,
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witleſs *Lobbin Clout*, I thee adviſe,
Leſt bliſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe. 20
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithſome ſwain,
The wiſeſt lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the ſkies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds ariſe.
He taught us erſt the heifer's tail to view, 25
When ſtuck aloft, that ſhow'rs would ſtrait enſue;
He firſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When ſwallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear. 30
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his ſweetheart in alternate verſe.
I'll wager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
That *Cloddipole* ſhall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35
Made of the ſkin of ſleekeſt fallow-deer:
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
I'll wager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting ſlouch,
Be thine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch. 40

25. *Erſt*, a contraction of *ere this*, it ſignifies *ſometime ago*, or *formerly*.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſie that beſide her grows,
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens ſweet, 45
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
But *Blouzelind*'s than gillyflow'r more fair,
Than daiſie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at Wake delightſome gambol play'd. 50
Clean as young lambkins or the gooſe's down,
And like the goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown.
The witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound, 55
And my cur *Tray* play defteſt feats around;
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, *Blouzelinda*, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay, 65
Ev'n noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.

56. *Deft*, an old word ſignifying *briſk* or *nimble*.

Eftſoons,

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Eftſoons, O ſweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday. 70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As *Blouzelinda* in a gameſome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to ſay, 75
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtroak'd her milky care,
I queintly ſtole a kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,
Of *Iriſh* ſwains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feaſts, the *Scottiſh* ſhepherds grind, 85
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzelind*.
While ſhe loves turnips, butter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

69. *Eftſoons*, from *eft*, an ancient *Britiſh* word, ſignifying ſoon. So that *eftſoons* is a doubling of the word *ſoon*, which is, as it were, to ſay *twice ſoon*, or *very ſoon*.

79. *Queint* has various ſignifications in the ancient *Engliſh* authors. I have uſed it in this place in the ſame ſenſe as *Chaucer* hath done in his *Miller's-Tale*. *As Clerkes being full ſubtle and queint*, (by which he meant *arch* or *waggiſh*) and not in that obſcene ſenſe wherein he uſeth it in the line immediately following.

85. Populus Alcidæ gratiſſima, vitis Iacchо,
Formoſæ Myrtus Veneri, ſua Laurea Phœbo.
Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi, &c. VIRG.

CUDDY.

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CUDDY.

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
Pudding our Parſon eats, the Squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma*'s fare.
While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-buff*, it hapt 95
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on *Blouzelind*.
True ſpeaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

CUDDY.

As at *Hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a Clown; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* ſwung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe, 105
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my ſelf pois'd againſt the tott'ring maid.
High leapt the plank; adown *Buxoma* fell;
I ſpy'd—but faithful ſweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou can'ſt, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every ſwain.
§ *What flower is that which bears the* Virgin's *name,*
The richeſt metal joined with the ſame?

§ Marygold.

CUDDY.

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CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou Carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight. 116
|| *What flower is that which royal honour craves,*
Adjoin the Virgin, *and 'tis ſtrown on graves?*

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ſtrains,
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains. 120
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand adry,
They're weary of your ſongs—and ſo am I.

|| Roſemary.

117. Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcantur Flores. VIRG.
120. Et vitula tu dignus & hic. VIRG.

TUESDAY;

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TUESDAY;

OR, THE

DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG *Colin Clout*, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols ſweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw, 5
The damſels pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of every maid,
But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the ſwain,
The Parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain. 10
Marian that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley mow;
Marbled with ſage the hard'ning cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter *Marian*'s ſkill confeſs'd;
But *Marian* now devoid of country cares, 15
Nor yellow butter nor ſage-cheeſe prepares.
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And *Love*, ſay ſwains, *all buſie heed deſtroys*.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous ſmart,
A laſs that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
The rival of the Parſon's maid was ſhe.

21. *Kee*, a Weſt-Country word for *Kine* or *Cows*.

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In dreary ſhade now *Marian* lyes along,
And mixt with ſighs thus wails in plaining ſong.
Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn! 25
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn,
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart. 30
Ah *Colin!* canſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do?
Will ſhe thy linen waſh, or hoſen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
Will ſhe with huſwife's hand provide thy meat, 35
And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
In ſervice-time drew *Cic'ly*'s eyes aſide.
Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new diſaſters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk;
Unwittingly of *Marian* they divine, 45
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian*'s dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſling days when I my threſher heard, 55
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;

Loſt

Loſt in the muſick of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoaking pail;
In harveſt when the Sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought ſupply;
When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been ſun-burnt for thy ſake;
When in the welkin gathering ſhow'rs were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with *Colin* on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
Strait on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt *ſtaring, like an Oaf*,
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs,
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!

Laſt *Friday*'s eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met.
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhook,
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.
Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock.
I bore theſe loſſes with a chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But ſince, alas! I grew my *Colin*'s ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypſies, bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

Have I not ſate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our onl, light,
When ev'ry creature did in ſlumbers lye,
Beſides our cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I?

Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy muse does at *New-market* run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice, 15
Where *D'Urfey*'s lyricks swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the load, 20
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
When *Sparabella* pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From *Sparabella Bumkinet* is fled;
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last *Sunday* happier *Clumsilis* put on. 30
Sure if he'd eyes *(but Love, they say, has none)*
I whilom by that ribbon had been known,
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with that ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

11. An Opera written by this Author, called the *World in the Sun*, or the *Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his Song on the *New-market Horse-Race*, and several others that are sung by the *British* Swains.
17. *Meed*, an old word for *Fame* or *Renown*.
18. ——— Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.
25. Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit Olivæ.
33. *Shent*, an old word signifying *Hurt* or *harmed*.

Shall

Shall heavy *Clumsilis* with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne; 40
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her aukward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huswifry the dowdy creature knew; 45
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
Though *Clumsilis* may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
While *Katherine* pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor *Sparabell*'s undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite, 60
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 65
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

37. Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus Amantes? VIRG.
49. Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Litore vidi, VIRG.
53. Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. VIRG.
59. Jungentur jam Gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Damæ. VIRG.

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Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play, 70
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove,
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood, 75
When late I met the *Squire* in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a *Guinea* took, 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that *Dick* in liv'ry ſtrip'd with lace,
Should wed me ſoon to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee, 85
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence *Love* his riſe begun.
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon, 90
Bred up in ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain,
Erſt taught him miſchief and to ſport with pain.

The

67. Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere Cervi
Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore Piſces———
Quam noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus. VIRG.

89. *To ken.* Scire *Chaucero*, to Ken, and *Kende* notus A. S. *cunnan* Goth. *Kunnan.* Germanis *Kennen.* Danis *Kiende.* Iſlandis *Kunna.* Belgis *Kennen.* This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *proſpicere* is well known and uſed *to diſcover by the eye.* Ray. F. R. S.

Nunc

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The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do? 95
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!
No——To some tree this carcass I'll suspend.
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
And thence, if courage hold, my self I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye lasses, ease your burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on apace, 115
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. VIRG.

99. ——————vivite Sylvæ,
Præceps aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. VIRG.

THURSDAY;

OR, THE

SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow, 5
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
Return, my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing, 15
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20

8. *Dight* or *bedight*, from the *Saxon* word *dightan*, which signifies to set in order.

Then

Then doff'd my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizled hair,
As like to *Lubberkin*'s in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground, 25
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve laſt *Midſummer* no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-ſeed brought,
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow.
I ſtrait look'd back, and if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground, 35
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Laſt *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I early roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chas'd the ſtars away; 40
A field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do)
Thee firſt I ſpy'd, and the firſt ſwain we ſee;
In ſpite of fortune ſhall our true-love be;
See, *Lubberkin*, each bird his partner take, 45
And canſt thou then thy ſweatheart dear forſake?
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Laſt *May-day* fair I ſearch'd to find a ſnail
That might my ſecret lover's name reveal; 50
Upon a gooſeberry-buſh a ſnail I found,
For always ſnails near ſweeteſt fruit abound.

21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

I ſeiz'd

I ſeiz'd the vermine, home I quickly ſped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers ſpread.
Slow crawl'd the ſnail, and if I right can ſpell, 55
In the ſoft aſhes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in *Lubberkin* and *Love*.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweet-heart's name.
This with the loudeſt bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut ſo may thy paſſion grow, 65
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peaſcods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to ſee
One that was cloſely fill'd with three times three, 70
Which when I crop'd I ſafely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the ſpell in ſecret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and ſung a ballad new,
While from the ſpindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who ſhould firſt come in,
But in his proper perſon,—*Lubberkin*. 76
I broke my yarn ſurpriz'd the ſight to ſee,
Sure ſign that he would break his word with me.
Eftſoons I join'd it with my wonted ſlight,
So may again his love with mine unite! 80

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn'd me thrice around, around, around.

64. ———ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω, χ' ὡς ἄυτα λαμέει μέγα παππυρίσασα. Theoc.
66. Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

This

This *Lady-fly* I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, Lady-Bird, *North*, *South*, *or East or West*, 85
Fly where the Man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand, see to the *West* he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen 95
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100
This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,
And *Boobyclod* on t'other side is borne.
But *Boobyclod* soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last; 105
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As *Lubberkin* once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

93. Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris. VIRG.
109. Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores
Necte, Amarylli modo; & Veneris dic vincula necto. VIRG.

Together

Together faſt I tye the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this ſtrain.
Three times a true-lover's knot I tye ſecure, 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd laſt market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preſerv'd in hay. 120
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purſe grew heavy, and my baſket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent;
Behap what will, next *Sunday* after prayers, 125
When to the ale-houſe *Lubberkin* repairs,
Theſe *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130

But hold—our *Lightfoot* barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder ſtile ſee *Lubberkin* appears.
He comes, he comes, *Hobnelia*'s not bewray'd,
Nor ſhall ſhe crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he ſwears, he'll give me a green gown, 135
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

123. Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipſe dedit Mæris. VIRG.
127. ———Πετὸν κακὸν ἄυρον ἐνεῶ. Theoc.
131. Neſcio quid certe eſt: & Hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY;

FRIDAY;

OR, THE

* DIRGE.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne, 5
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder now *wash sorrow from thy soul.* 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah *Bumkinet!* since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful Ditty or Song of Lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish Hymn *Dirige Gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *Dyrke* and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the Dead.

COWELL's INTERPRETER.

BUMKINET.

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BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! Let's to yonder hut repair, 15
And with trim sonnets *cast away our care.*
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet, *o'er hills and far away.*
Of *Patient Griffel* I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
Come, *Grubbinol*, beneath this shelter, come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe all distant valleys ring,
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25
For woe is me!—our *Blouzelind* is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is *Blouzelinda* dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn *Blouzelinda* dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.

15. Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
Aut Alconis habes Laudes, aut jurgia Codri.
27. *Glee*, Joy; from the *Dutch*, *Glooren*, to *recreate*.

When

When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh rising ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damſel's guide, 45
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpie,
For there her goodly countenance I've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
Whilom I've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpongy curds the milky ſtream.
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door,
No more her care ſhall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye ſwine, in grunting ſpend your grief,
For you, like me, have loſt your ſole relief.

When in the barn the ſounding flail I ply,
Where from her ſieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
The poultry there will ſeem around to ſtand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No ſuccour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have loſt their *Blouzelind*.

Whenever by yon barley mow I paſs, 75
Before my eyes will trip the tidy laſs.

I pitch'd

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I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd, 80
Ah *Blouzelind!* that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear, 85
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!
Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
Here Blouzelinda *lyes——Alas, alas!*
Weep shepherds——and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet *Blouzelinda*'s name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;

84. Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso
Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. VIRG.
90. Et Tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen.
93. Tale tuum carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. VIRG.

The

The boding raven on her cottage ſate,
And with hoarſe croking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
Drop'd on the plains that fatal inſtant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when goody *Dobſon* dy'd.

How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
While on her darling's bed her mother ſate! 110
Theſe words the dying *Blouzelinda* ſpoke,
And *of the dead let none the will revoke.*

Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed,
Be theſe my ſiſter's care—and ev'ry morn 115
Amid the ducklings let her ſcatter corn;
The ſickly calf that's hous'd, be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the Parſon's, for my ſermon paid.
The reſt is yours—my ſpinning-wheel and rake,
Let *Suſan* keep for her dear ſiſter's ſake;
My new ſtraw hat that's trimly lin'd with green, 125
Let *Peggy* wear, for ſhe's a damſel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harveſts try'd,
Be *Grubbinol's*—this ſilver ring beſide:
Three ſilver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to *Bumkinet* is ſent. 130
Thus ſpoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmleſs lamb, ſhe dy'd.

To ſhow their love, the neighbours far and near,
Follow'd with wiſtful look the damſel's bier.

96. Κείσοι μελπόμενοι τὸν ἀπυίμεν νὶ μέλι λείχειν. Theoc.

Sprigg'd

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135
While dismally the Parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out. 140

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Left her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
For gaffer *Tread-well* told us by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While padling ducks the standing lake desire, 155
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda*'s praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny *Susan* sped across the plain; 160
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And *Susan Blouzelinda*'s loss repairs.

153. Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit
Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, Dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

SATURDAY

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SATURDAY;

OR, THE

FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER ſtrains, O ruſtic Muſe, prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raiſe,
The drunkard's flights require ſonorous lays,
With *Bowzybeus'* ſongs exalt thy verſe, 5
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearſe.
¶ 'Twas in the ſeaſon when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harveſt 'gan to rid the ſoil;
Wide through the field was ſeen a goodly rout,
Clean damſels bound the gather'd ſheaves about, 10
The lads with ſharpen'd hook and ſweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young *Suſan* ſteps aſide,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,
Whate'er ſhe did, ſhe ſtoop'd adown unſeen, 15
And merry reapers, what they lift, will ween.
Soon ſhe roſe up, and cry'd with voice ſo ſhrill
That echo anſwer'd from the diſtant hill;
The youths and damſels ran to *Suſan's* aid,
Who thought ſome adder had the laſs diſmay'd. 20
When faſt aſleep they *Bowzybeus* ſpy'd,
His hat and oaken ſtaff lay cloſe beſide.

22. Serta procul tantum capiti delapſa jacebant. VIRG.

That

That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string:
That *Bowzybeus* who with finger's speed 25
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That *Bowzybeus* who with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoaring lout,
For custom says, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example *Dorcas* bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the croud
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like *Bowzybeus* sooths th' attentive ear. 50

40. Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit. VIRG.
43. Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.
Huic aliud mercedis erit. VIRG.
47. Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orpheæ. VIRG.

Of

Of nature's laws his carols firſt begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the ſun.
For owls, as ſwains obſerve, deteſt the light,
And only ſing and ſeek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their ſwelling heads below, 55
And how the cloſing colworts upwards grow;
How *Will-a-Wiſp* miſleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and ſinking bogs, and pathleſs downs.
Of ſtars he told that ſhoot with ſhining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60
He ſung where wood-cocks in the ſummer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coaſts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours aſcend.
Where ſwallows in the winter's ſeaſon keep, 65
And how the drowſy bat and dormouſe ſleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid cloſe,
Till the bright ſun has nine times ſet and roſe.
For huntſmen by their long experience find,
That puppies ſtill nine rolling ſuns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and ſings of fairs and ſhows,
For ſtill new fairs before his eyes aroſe.
How pedlars ſtalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long ſilken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets ſhine;
How the tight laſs, knives, combs, and ſciſſars ſpies,
And looks on thimbles with deſiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where ſilver ſpoons are won and rings of gold. 80
The lads and laſſes trudge the ſtreet along,
And all the fair is crouded in his ſong.

51. Our ſwain had poſſibly read *Tuſſer*, from whence he might have collected theſe philoſophical obſervations.
Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

The

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The mountebank now treads the ſtage, and ſells
His pills, his balſams, and his ague-ſpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler ſprings, 85
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden ſwings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Toſſes the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of *Raree-ſhows* he ſung, and *Punch*'s feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crouds, and various cheats. 90

Then ſad he ſung *the Children in the Wood.*
Ah barb'rous uncle, ſtain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deſarts wild,
And fearleſs at the glittering ſauchion ſmil'd;
Their little corps the robin-red-breaſts found, 95
And ſtrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah gentle birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.

For buxom *Joan* he ſung the doubtful ſtrife,
How the ſly ſailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder ſtrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in *Chevy-chace* befell,
When *Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,*
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadſt never heard the horn or hound! 106
Yet ſhall the Squire who fought on bloody ſtumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Eſſex next he chaunts,
How to ſleek mares ſtarch quakers turn gallants: 110

97. Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.
99. A Song in the Comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c.
109. A Song of Sir *J. Denham*'s. See his Poems.

How

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How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, 115
Lilly-bullero and the *Irish Trot*.
Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,
Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant *Moore*,
The bower of Rosamond, or *Robin Hood*, 119
And how the *grass now grows where* Troy town *stood?*
His carrols ceas'd: the list'ning maids and swains,
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown 125
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

112. Et fortunatam, si nunquam Armenta fuissent Pasiphaen.
117. Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. Virg.
117. Old English Ballads.

AN

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF

Names, Plants, Flowers, Fruits, Birds, Beasts, Insects, and other material things mentioned in these Pastorals.

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING

THE STREETS OF

LONDON.

Quo te Mœri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
Virg.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers; That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. *And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:*

——Non tu, in *Triviis*, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

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T R I V I A

BOOK I.

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Sig of the Weather.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your cour aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night,
How joſtling crouds, with prudence to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing: Thou, *Trivia*, Goddeſs, aid my ſong,
Thro' ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court, and op'ning ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 1
To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the ſturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilſt ev'ry ſtroke his lab'ring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavenger bids kennels glide 1
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 2

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But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe.

When the black youth at choſen ſtands rejoice,
And *clean your ſhoes* reſounds from every voice;
When late their miry ſides ſtage-coaches ſhow, 25
And their ſtiff horſes through the town move ſlow;
When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,
And damſels firſt renew their oyſter cries:
Then let the prudent walker ſhoes provide,
Not of the *Spaniſh* or *Morocco* hide; 30
The wooden heel may raiſe the dancer's bound,
And with the ſcallop'd top his ſtep be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd ſoles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing ſnows, and rains, and ſoaking ſleet.
Should the big laſt extend the ſhoes too wide, 35
Each ſtone will wrench th' unwary ſtep aſide:
The ſudden turn may ſtretch the ſwelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle ſprain;
And when too ſhort the modiſh ſhoes are worn,
You'll judge the ſeaſons by your ſhooting corn. 40

Nor ſhould it prove thy leſs important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy *D'Oily* habit fold,
The ſilken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's ſpongy nap is ſoak'd with rain, 45
And ſhow'rs ſoon drench the camlet's cockled grain,
True **Witney* broad cloth with its ſhag unſhorn,
Unpierc'd is in the laſting tempeſt worn:
Be this the horſeman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the town the ſpoils of *Ruſſia*'s bear? 50
Within the *Roquelaure*'s claſp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that ſtretch'd forth invading arms prevent.

* A Town in *Oxfordſhire*.

Let

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Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace:
That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By * various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone;
Be thine of *Kersey* firm, tho' small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use,
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease; 70
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to † *White*'s, Assemblies, or the Play;
Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane. 75
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.

* A *Joseph*, Wrap-rascal, &c.
† *White*'s Chocolate-house in St. *James*'s Street.

Let

Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia*'s muse, 85
Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes;
Nor do I rove in *Belgia*'s frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme.
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
The rushing Flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones; 96
Nor shall the muse thro' narrow *Venice* stray,
Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display.
O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100
Thus was of old *Britannia*'s city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady trip'd along the town, 105
And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground, 110
Her shoe disdains the street, the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
With *Loves* and *Graces* on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits:

For

For you, O honest men, these useful lays
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120
When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
Left you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly dress,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal.
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dress'd, the *Mall* adorn 145
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150

* Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major. VIRG. GEO. I.

The

The ſeaſons operate on ev'ry breaſt;
'Tis hence that fawns are briſk, and ladies dreſt.
When on his box the nodding coachman ſnores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuſe 155
To truſt thy buſie ſteps in thinner ſhoes.

But when the ſwinging ſigns your ears offend
With creaking noiſe, then rainy floods impend;
Soon ſhall the kennels ſwell with rapid ſtreams,
And ruſh in muddy torrents to the *Thames*. 160
The bookſeller, whoſe ſhop's an open ſquare,
Foreſees the tempeſt, and with early care
Of learning ſtrips the rails; the rowing crew
To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue:
On hoſiers poles depending ſtockings ty'd, 165
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale, from ſide to ſide;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then *Niobe* diſſolves into a tear,
And ſweats with ſecret grief: you'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe, 170
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoaking ſhow'r,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.

All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel. 175
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of *Paul* be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral horn ſhall ſtrow the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The lab'ring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain; 180
But if the threatning winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on *Swithin*'s feaſt the welkin lours,
And ev'ry penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhow'rs,

Twice

Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain, 185
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies, 190
Others you'll ſee, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the ſtreet,
While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
Of ſpouts high ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry daſhing pool; or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But bus'neſs ſummons; now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud 200
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you ſcow'r,
Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the ſhow'r.
So fierce *Alecto*'s ſnaky treſſes fell,
When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous powers of hell,
Or thus hung *Glaucus*' beard, with briny dew 205
Clotted and ſtrait, when firſt his am'rous view
Surpriz'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, transform'd by *Circe*'s aid.

Good houſwives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the riding-hood's diſguiſe: 210
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let *Perſian* dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load, 215
When eaſtern Monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhow'rs the walking maid.

But,

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But, O! forget not, Muſe, the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays; 220
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſt his nuptial bed, 225
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid; 230
As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And *Patty*'s fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſewife bears, 235
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmoaks upon her head,
Deep, thro' a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ankle roſe the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah *Mulciber!* recall thy nuptial vows, 245
Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for *Patty*'s arms?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love: 250
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.

Here

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Here ſmoaks his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew, 255
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.
When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe? 260
At firſt ſhe coyly ev'ry kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood:
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews;
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore, 265
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt. 270
This *Vulcan* ſaw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his ſuit; tho' flatt'ry fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail. 280
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.

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TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, 5
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From *Billingsgate* her fishy traffick bear; 10
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:

Shops

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Shops open, coaches roll, carts ſhake the ground,
And all the ſtreets with paſſing cries reſound.
If cloath'd in black, you tread the buſy town, 25
Or if diſtinguiſh'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling preſs,
The barber's apron ſoils the ſable dreſs;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's ſtep advance too nigh: 30
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three ſullying trades avoid with equal care;
The little chimney-ſweeper ſkulks along,
And marks with ſooty ſtains the heedleſs throng;
When ſmall-coal murmurs in the hoarſer throat, 35
From ſmutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The duſt-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
When through the ſtreet a cloud of aſhes flies;
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's baſket, on his ſhoulder borne, 40
With tallow ſpots thy coat; reſign the way,
To ſhun the ſurly butcher's greaſy tray,
Butchers, whoſe hands are dy'd with blood's foul ſtain,
And always foremoſt in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be ſtrictly paid, 45
The wall ſurrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy ſturdy elbow's haſty rage
Joſtle the feeble ſteps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct, 51
And from the preſſing throng the lame protect.
You'll ſometimes meet a fop of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At ev'ry ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe, 55
And riſques to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes,

Him,

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Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61
And trust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. *Giles*'s ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to sev'n streets seven dials count the day, 75
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete*;
But still the wandring passes forc'd his stay, 85
Till *Ariadne*'s clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When

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When waggish boys the stunted beesom ply
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope, 95
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near. 100
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
And shew the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide etherial court improv'd, 110
And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar Deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then * *Cloacina* (Goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120

* *Cloacina* was a Goddess whose image *Tatius* (a king of the *Sabines*) found in the common shore, and not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it *Cloacina* from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant.* 1, 20. *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

She

She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd. For love can beauties ſpy
In what ſeems faults to every common eye.
Now had the watchman walk'd his ſecond round;
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling ſound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well ſhe knows 125
That pleaſing thunder: ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
And through the ſtreets purſu'd the diſtant noiſe,
Her boſom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandring harlot's airs ſhe paſt,
Bruſh'd near his ſide, and wanton glances caſt; 130
In the black form of cinder-wench ſhe came,
When love, the hour, the place had baniſh'd ſhame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her ſpace,
The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of diſgrace) 136
Deſcends to earth; but ſought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midſt her anguiſh to *Lucina* pray'd;
No cheerful goſſip wiſh'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk ſhe dropt the boy. 140
The child through various riſques in years improv'd,
At firſt a beggar's brat, compaſſion mov'd;
His infant tongue ſoon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.
Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The ſcorching dog-ſtar, and the winter's air, 146
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirſts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!
The Goddeſs long had mark'd the child's diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his ſuff'rings to redreſs; 150
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands ſome beneficial art
Practis'd in ſtreets; the Gods her ſuit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking croud,

To

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To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each Power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in *Fleet ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from *Holborn*'s fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,

For

For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand
And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he servent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles beats on either side;
The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hang in rags behind. 200
Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus began,
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the soot within this vase of oil, 205
And let the little tripod aid the toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crow
At thy request support the miry shoe,
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound. 210
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:
The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide;
His treble voice resounds along the *Mewse*, 215
And *White-hall* echoes—*Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay,
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,

Betimes

Betimes retreat, here, thick as hailſtones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled ſhow'r)
Among the rabble rain: Some random throw 225
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bids, yet never ſtray
Where no rang'd poſts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels claſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain, 231
And blood in anguiſh burſt the ſwelling vein.
O barb'rous men, your cruel breaſts aſſuage,
Why vent ye on the gen'rous ſteed your rage?
Does not his ſervice earn your daily bread? 235
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the *Samian* taught, the ſoul revives,
And, ſhifting ſeats, in other bodies lives:
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horſe the town to range: 240
Carmen, tranſform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the laſh ſhall awe.

Who would of *Watling-ſtreet* the dangers ſhare,
When the broad pavement of *Cheapſide* is near?
Or who * that rugged ſtreet would traverſe o'er, 245
That ſtretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black ſhore
To the *Tow'r*'s moated walls? Here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea; 250
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil,
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing noſtril hold; but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in piles † *Cornavian* cheeſes lye;

* Thames-ſtreet.

† *Cheſhire* anciently ſo called.

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.
O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of lazineſs and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide, 265
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270
But sometimes let me leave the noisie roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face, 275
And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane, 281
For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted,

Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind: 290
And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steed securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

* A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footstep slide with clotted frost, 325
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatning pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At *White*'s the harnest chairman idly stands, 335
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to *Change* with red-tipt nose;
The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where *Covent-Garden*'s famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of *Jones*' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Encreasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But

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But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
And gingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia*'s air;
When hoary *Thames*, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
And wander roads unstable not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like *Philomela*'s voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.

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Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah *Doll!* all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds, 390
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And *Heber*'s banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 400
And *Thames*' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From ev'ry pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
Need not the Calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly bull; 410
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
The jointed lobster, and unscaly soale,

And

And luſcious 'ſcallops to allure the taſtes
Of rigid zealots to delicious faſts;
Wedneſdays and *Fridays* you'll obſerve from hence,
Days when our ſires were doom'd to abſtinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damſels twirle the ſprinkling mop,
And cleanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Know *Saturday*'s concluſive morn appears.

Succeſſive cries the ſeaſons change declare, 425
And mark the monthly progreſs of the year.
Hark, how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
To ſell the bounteous product of the ſpring!
Sweet-ſmelling ſlow'rs, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood: 430
And when *June*'s thunder cools the ſultry ſkies,
Ev'n *Sundays* are profan'd by mackrell cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, ſtain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.

When roſemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the feſtival of *Chriſtmas* near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year. 440
Now with bright holly all your temples ſtrow,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſletoe.
Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy bleſſings ſhed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her ſickly head:
Bid ſhiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowl 445
In humble roofs make glad the needy ſoul.
See, ſee, the heaven-born maid her bleſſings ſhed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her ſickly head;
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh Avarice alone is ſad. 450

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Proud coaches pafs, regardlefs of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity ftill moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purfe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy half-pence are beſtow'd, 455
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long ſtretch his palſy'd hand.
Thofe who give late, are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are teaz'd becaufe they ſtill delay. 460
If e'er the mifer durft his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the publick ſquare,
Where, all beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haftes to beggar more. 466

Where the brafs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canft thou pafs, unmindful of a pray'r,
That heav'n in mercy may thy brother ſpare?

Come, *F**** ſincere, experienc'd friend, 475
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
Come let us leave the *Temple*'s ſilent walls,
Me bus'nefs to my diftant lodging calls:
Thro' the long *Strand* together let us ſtray:
With thee converfing I forget the way. 480
Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſteep defcends,
Whofe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
Here *Arundel*'s fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains an empty name:

Where

Where *Titian*'s glowing paint the canvas warm'd, 485
And *Raphael*'s fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of *Phidias*' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490
There *Essex*' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There *Cecil*'s, *Bedford*'s, *Killer*'s, now no more.
Yet *Burlington*'s fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
The wall with animated picture lives;
There *Handel* strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills thro' every vein;
There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes)
For *Burlington*'s belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What, tho' no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defye, 505
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet,
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale 515
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;

The drunken chairmen in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhow'r,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain 525
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer;
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His ponderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread *Jove* the ſon of *Phœbus* hurl'd, 535
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills: 540
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapeſt tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton ſmoak upon your boards?
Such, *Newgate*'s copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek *Leaden-hall*; St. *James*'s ſends thee veal; 546
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; *Covent-garden* fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and *Monmouth-ſtreet* old ſuits.
Hence may'ſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and cloath thy wife. 550

Volumes on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lye,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye;

The

The bending ſhelves, with pond'rous ſcholiaſts groan,
And deep divines to modern ſhops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on induſtrious wing 555
Collects the various odours of the ſpring,
Walkers, at leiſure, learning's flow'rs may ſpoil,
Nor watch the waſting of the midnight oil,
May morals ſnatch from *Plutarch*'s tatter'd page,
A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra*'s ſage. 560
Here ſauntering 'prentices o'er *Otway* weep,
O'er *Congreve* ſmile, or over *D*** ſleep;
Pleas'd ſempſtreſſes the *Lock*'s fam'd *Rape* unfold,
And * *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for ev'ry curious eye;
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.

What walker ſhall his mean ambition fix
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix? 570
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces ſwing,
With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched ſpring.
That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon glows
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps; 580
There flames a fool, begirt with tinſel'd ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a cluſt'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind.

* The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the *Diſpenſary*.

This

This next in court-fidelity excells, 585
The publick rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate;
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Surtout!* 590

TRIVIA.

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TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O *TRIVIA* Goddeſs, leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celeſtial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now *Cynthia* nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee the villain ſheaths his ſword, 5
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour!

When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear,
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air, 10
Then ſwarms the buſy ſtreet; with caution tread,
Where the ſhop-windows falling threat thy head;
Now lab'rers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And as the paſſes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. *Clement* ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the *Strand*;
Where the low penthouſe bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread; 20
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;

Summon

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Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye, 40
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild * *Ytene* bred, 45
Or on *Westphalia*'s fatt'ning chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle with the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn; 55
High on the shoulder in a basket borne

* New Forest in *Hampshire*, anciently so called.

Lurks

Lurks the fly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd slight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60
Where's now the watch with all its trinkets flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dex'trous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds, 65
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these *Syrens* stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So *Jove*'s loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
And *Greece* and *Troy* retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90

Yet

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Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the *Trojan* ſought in vain 95
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.
Thus *Niſus* wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aking breaſt againſt the poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from fiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain 105
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to ſtray,
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.

Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide, 111
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's ſmoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road, 115
Where ale-houſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace. 120
Let not thy vent'rous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie;

Should

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Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall,
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan, 125
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the publick way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire. 130
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with vent'rous ſtep; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the day-light ſhone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone: 136
That crutch which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And ſhare the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the publick ſtreets, where oily rays
Shot from the cryſtal lamp, o'erſpread the ways.

Happy *Auguſta!* law defended town! 14
Here no dark lanterns ſhade the villain's frown;
No *Spaniſh* jealouſies thy lanes infeſt,
Nor *Roman* vengeance ſtabs th' unwary breaſt;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and juſtice guard the land; 150
No bravos here profeſs the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairmen, with aſſuming ſtride,
Preſs near the wall, and rudely thruſt thy ſide:
The laws have ſet him bounds; his ſervile feet 155
Should ne'er encroach where poſts defend the ſtreet.

Yet

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Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of *Pell-mell*,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost: 166
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while *Charibdis'* gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on *Scylla*'s craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185
Who boasts her shelly ware from *Wallfleet* sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where *Fleet-ditch* with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190
Are

Are rang'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
And with the ſav'ry fiſh indulge thy taſte:
The damſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
While the ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.

The man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er 195
With braſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
Firſt broke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
And riſqu'd the living morſel down his throat.
What will not lux'ry taſte? Earth, ſea and air
Are daily ranſack'd for the bill of fare. 200
Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is *Britiſh* chriſtian's food,
And *France* robs marſhes of the croaking brood;
Spungy morels in ſtrong ragouts are found,
And in the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.

When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall; 206
For ſhould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt. 210
Then to retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhow'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſque thy blood.
O think on *Œdipus'* deteſted ſtate, 215
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)
Each claim'd the way, their ſwords the ſtrife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd! 220
Hence ſprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy curſed inceſt! and thy children ſlain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray
Through *Theban* ſtreets, and cheerleſs grope thy way.

Contemplate,

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Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years; 225
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230
Why is the herſe with 'ſcutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of Oſtrich crown'd?
No: The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the living vain.
How ſhort is life! how frail is human truſt! 235
Is all this pomp for laying duſt to duſt?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted ſtall,
Bruſh not thy ſweeping ſkirt too near the wall;
Thy heedleſs ſleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And ſpot indelible thy pocket ſoil. 240
Has not wiſe nature ſtrung the legs and feet
With firmeſt nerves, deſign'd to walk the ſtreet?
Has ſhe not given us hands to grope aright?
Amidſt the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'ſt thou not the double noſtril meant, 245
To warn from oily woes by previous ſcent?

* Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the ſharper's dice, or juggler's cards? 250
Why ſhould I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the ſham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in theſe our days ſo ſoft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
I need not ſtrict enjoin the pocket's care, 255
When from the crouded play thou lead'ſt the fair;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

Who

Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchief that *India*'s shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of *Drury*'s mazy courts, and dark abodes. 260
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,
Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand*.
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.
'Tis she who nightly strolls with saun'tring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scowr'd manteau, and the slattern air; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With slatt'ring sounds she sooths the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the *'Change*;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane*. 280
She darts from sashnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.
I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain, 285
To the great city drove from *Devon*'s plain
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290

She

She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb-room.
Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchman spies, 295
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain, 305
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word;
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His

His ſcatter'd pence the flying *Nicker* flings,
And with the copper ſhow'r the caſement rings.
Who has not heard the *Scowrer*'s midnight fame? 325
Who has not trembled at the *Mohock*'s name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!
I paſs their deſp'rate deeds, and miſchiefs done
Where from *Snow-hill* black ſteepy torrents run; 330
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogſhead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the ſtones thunders, bounds from ſide to ſide:
So *Regulus* to ſave his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 355
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbiſh grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark cave to common ſnores deſcend.
Oft by the winds extinct the ſignal lies,
Or ſmother'd in the glimmering ſocket dies 340
E'er night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the ſhatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the ſnorting ſteeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the ſpoke.
So when fam'd *Eddyſtone*'s far-ſhooting ray, 345
That led the ſailor through the ſtormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their ſides againſt the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the ſtrand. 350
Who then through night would hire the harneſs'd ſteed,
And who would chooſe the rattling wheel for ſpeed?
But hark; diſtreſs with ſcreaming voice draws nigh'r,
And wakes the ſlumb'ring ſtreet with cries of fire.

* Gentlemen, who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

At

At first a glowing rod enwraps the skies, 355
And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoak ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 365
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The *Dardan* hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grapling hook plucks rafters from the walls, 370
And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light; 375
'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O *Rome*,
The dire presage of mighty *Cæsar*'s doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds retire: 380
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound 385
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.

So

So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of *Naples'* fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous lake; 390
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging tow'rs descend.
Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd, 395
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed *Asia's* desert soil, 400
The barb'rous *Arabs* haunt; or shiv'ring cross
Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;
Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405
To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.
And now compleat my gen'rous labours lye,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
When *W** and *G***, mighty names, are dead;
Or but a *Chelsea* under custards read;
When Criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High-rais'd on *Fleet-street* posts, consign'd to fame, 415
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

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THE

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THE

WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL

F A R C E.

——*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.* Hor.
——*Locus est & pluribus Umbris.* Hor.

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THE

PREFACE.

AS I am the first who have introduced this kind of Dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of Preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already raised against it by the graver sort of Wits, and other interested people.

We have often had Tragi-Comedies upon the English *Theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the Tragedy and Comedy are in distinct Scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole Art of the* Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce *lies in interweaving the several kinds of the Drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguished or separated.*

The objections that are raised against it as a Tragedy, *are as follow:*

First, As to the Plot, they deny it to be Tragical, because its Catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted Comical.

Secondly, As to the Characters; that those of a Justice of Peace, *a* Parish-Clerk, *and an* Embryo's Ghost, *are very improper to the dignity of Tragedy, and were never introduced by the Ancients.*

Thirdly, They say the Sentiments are not Tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for Tragedy, because the end of Tragedy being to shew human

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human life in its diſtreſſes, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to ſoften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtineſs, the Moral ought to have the ſame tendency; but this Moral, they ſay, ſeems entirely calculated to flatter the Audience in their vanity and ſelf-conceitedneſs.

You all have ſenſe enough to find it out.

To the firſt objection I anſwer, that it is ſtill a diſputable point, even among the beſt Criticks, whethera Tragedy may not have a happy Cataſtrophe; *that the* French *Authors are of this opinion, appears from moſt of their Modern Tragedies.*

In anſwer to the ſecond objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the Ancients have either a Juſtice of Peace, *a* Pariſh-Clerk, *or an* Embryo Ghoſt *in their Tragedies; yet whoever will look into* Sophocles, Euripides, *or* Seneca, *will find that they greatly affected to introduce* Nurſes *in all their pieces, which every one muſt grant to be an inferior Character to a Juſtice of Peace; in imitation of which alſo, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.*

To the third objection, which is the meanneſs of the ſentiments, I anſwer, that the ſentiments of Princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they ſeem to have: their thoughts are almoſt the ſame, and they only differ as the ſame thought is attended with a meanneſs or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumſtances each Character is converſant with. But theſe Criticks have forgot the precepts of their Maſter Horace, *who tells them,*

——Tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.

In anſwer to the objection againſt the Moral, I have only this to alledge, That the Moral of this piece is concealed;

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cealed; and Morals that are couched so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapproved by the best Criticks *. *And I would have those that object against it as a piece of Flattery, consider, that there is such a Figure as the* Irony.

The Objections against it as a Comedy *are,*

First, They object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: Inferior trampled upon by the Tyranny of Power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

Secondly, That Ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a Passion not proper to be moved in Comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses abovementioned. The Speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the Peripætia *and the* Catastrophe. Peascod's *change of fortune upon the reprieve's being produced,* Kitty's *distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.*

To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient Comedy; Aristophanes *having laid the Scene of his* Βαρα χα *among the shades; and* Plautus *has introduced a* Lar familiaris *in his Prologue to the* Aulularia, *which though not actually a Ghost, is very little better.*

As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not Comical, I answer, That the Ghosts are the only charac-

* See *Bossu's* Chapter *of concealed Sentences.*

ters

ters which are objected to as improper for Comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old Comedy; but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. *which are indisputably Comical characters, must be Comical. For the Sentiments being conveyed in number and rhime, I have the authority of the best Modern* French *Comedies.*

The only objection against it as a Pastoral *falls upon the characters, which they say are partly* Pastoral, *and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a Sergeant of Grenadiers is not a pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels with child.*

To this I reply, that Virgil *talks of Soldiers among his Shepherds.*

Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit.

And the character of the Sergeant is drawn according to the Epithet of Virgil, Impius Miles, *which may be seen in that speech of his,*

You Dog, die like a Soldier—and be damn'd.

For, in short, a Soldier *to a Swain is but just the same thing that a* Wolf *is to his Flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduced. As for the rest of the characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.*

Lastly, they object against it as a Farce.

First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should answer to the extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.

Secondly,

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Secondly, They deny the characters to be Farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, *the Sentiments ought to be strain'd, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.*

To the First I answer, That the Farcical Scene of the Ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular Comedy. There are indeed a great number of Dramatick entertainments, where are Scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not Comedies, *but* five Act Farces.

Secondly, Let the Criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an Embryo, *in the conclusion of the first Act. I have, 'tis true,* Aristophanes's *Authority for things of this sort in comedy, who hath introduced a* Chorus of Frogs, *and made them talk in the following manner:*

Βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοὰξ,
Βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοὰξ,
Διμναῖα κρηνῶν τέκνα, &c.

Mr. D'Urfey *of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow-chairs in the Opera of* Diocleſian *have danced upon the* Engliſh *Stage with good ſucceſs.* Shakeſpear *hath ſome characters of this ſort, as a* ſpeaking wall,

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wall, *and* Moonshine *. *The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with* something rough cast about him, *and the latter comes in with a lantern and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.*

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the Farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest Clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forced and out of nature, and therefore Farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these Criticks only consider, when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I designed it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed what I proposed, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe Criticks, I have not called it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermined in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, *which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a* Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce, *as it comprized all those several kinds of the* Drama.

The judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the Scenes are unbroken, and Poetical Justice strictly observed; the Ghost of the Embryo *and the* Parish Girl *are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of*

* See his *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

the

the particular Scenes, and of the piece in general, but shall only say, that the Success this piece has met with upon the Stage, gives encouragement to our Dramatic Writers to follow its Model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama *is no less fit for the Theatre than those they have succeeded in.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir *Roger*,	Mr. *Miller*.
Sir *Humphry*,	Mr. *Croſs*.
Juſtice *Statute*,	Mr. *Shepherd*.
Squire *Thomas*, Sir *Roger*'s Son, alias *Thomas Filbert*,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Jonas Dock, alias *Timothy Peaſcod*,	Mr. *Penkethman*.
Peter Nettle, the Serjeant,	Mr. *Norris*.
Steward to Sir *Roger*,	Mr. *Quin*.
Conſtable,	Mr. *Penroy*.
Corporal,	Mr. *Weller*.
Stave, a Pariſh-Clerk.	
The Ghoſt of a Child unborn,	Mr. *Norris*, junior.
Countrymen, Ghoſts, and Soldiers.	

WOMEN.

Kitty, the Steward's Daughter, alias *Kitty Carrot*,	Mrs. *Bicknell*.
Dorcas, *Peaſcod*'s Siſter,	Mrs. *Willis*, ſenior.
Joyce, *Peaſcod*'s Daughter, left upon the Pariſh,	Miſs *Younger*.
Aunt,	Mrs. *Baker*.
Grandmother.	

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THE

WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL

F A R C E.

SCENE, *A Country Juſtice's Hall, adorned with Scutcheons and Stags Horns.*

Enter STEWARD, SQUIRE, KITTY, DOCK, and others in Country Habits.

STEWARD.

SO, you are ready in your parts, and in your dreſs too, I ſee; your own beſt cloaths do the buſineſs. Sure never was play and actors ſo ſuited. Come, range yourſelves before me, women on the right, and men on the left. Squire *Thomas*, you make a good figure. [*The actors range themſelves.*

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby*'s Sunday cloaths; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the play.

STEWARD.

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STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the ſhining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to-night, girl.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas*'s love to my coſt. I have little ſtomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [*aſide.*

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, doſt thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo*— *Jo*— *Jonas*. No—that was the name my godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea*— *Pea*— *Peaſcod*; ay, *Peaſcod*—and am to be ſhot for a deſerter.——

STEWARD.

And you, *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't pleaſe ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peaſcod*'s ſiſter, and am to be with child, as it were.

1ſt COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were——I am the Conſtable.

2d COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to ſee *Tim* ſhot, as it were——I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our ſergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle*, *Peter*, *Peter*. [*Enter* Nettle.

NETTLE.

Theſe ſtockings of *Suſan*'s coſt a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a ſergeant without red ſtockings?

DOCK.

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DOCK.

I'll dreſs thee, *Peter*, I'll dreſs thee. Here, ſtand ſtill, I muſt twiſt thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but pr'ythee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his neckcloth.*] Thou muſt look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiſkers with a burnt cork.*] But what ſhall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiouſly painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my maſter Sir *Roger* ſeiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market-town.

STEWART.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [*Exeunt actors.*] My daughter debauch'd! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preſerve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghoſt; nay, I will have a competence of ghoſts. What, ſhall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghoſt? A play without a ghoſt is like, is like——i'gad it is like nothing.

STEWARD.

Sir, be ſatisfied; you ſhall have ghoſts.

Sir ROGER.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a paſtoral too; and if you

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you could make it a Farce, so much the better—and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a play before; and dy'e see, I would shew them all sorts of plays under one.

STEWARD.

Sir *Roger*, it is contrived for that very purpose.

[*Enter two Justices.*

Sir ROGER.

Neighbours, ye are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a play for us these *Christmas* holidays. [*Exit Steward bowing.*]——A rare headpiece! he has it here, i'faith. [*Pointing to his own head.*] But indeed, I gave him the hint——To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that every man talks in his own way!——and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

1st JUSTICE.

Zooks!—so it is;—main ingenious——and can we sit and smoak at the same time we act?

Sir ROGER.

Ay, ay,——we have but three or four words to say——and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2d JUSTICE.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

Sir ROGER.

This shall be the signal——when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir *Humphry*——and when Sir *Humphry* sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

1st

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1ſt JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir *Roger*, you are an old dog at theſe things.

2d JUSTICE.

To be ſure.

Sir ROGER.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience—I remember your *Harts*, and your *Bettertons*—But to ſee your *Othello*, neighbours,——how he would rave and roar, about a fooliſh flower'd handkerchief!—and then he would groul ſo manfully,——and he would put out the light, and put the light out ſo cleverly! but huſh——the Prologue, the Prologue.

[*They ſeat themſelves with much ceremony at the table, on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large ſilver tankard.*

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THE

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. PINKETHMAN.

THE entertainment of this night——or day,
This something, or this nothing of a Play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhime,
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satyr.
All must be pleas'd too with their parts, we think:
Our maids have sweethearts, and their worships drink.
Criticks, we know, by ancient rules may maul it;
But sure Gallants must like——the What d'ye call it.

ACT

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE, CONSTABLE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY, DORCAS, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.

Sir ROGER.

HERE, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

FILBERT.

'Tis false, 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.
[*Pushing* Dorcas *from him.*

DORCAS.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

KITTY.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid.
To the right father let the child be laid.
Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look.
How canst thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear *Old Nick*?
Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

SERGEANT.

Zooks: never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
For what is war abroad to war at home?
Who wou'd not sooner bravely risque his life;
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

FILBERT.

Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench,
I'll bear a musquet then against the *French*.

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From door to door I'd ſooner whine and beg,
Both arms ſhot off, and on a wooden leg,
Than marry ſuch a trapes——No, no, I'll not:
——Thou wilt too late repent when I am ſhot.
But, *Kitty*, why doſt cry?——

GRANDMOTHER.

——Stay, Juſtice, ſtay:
Ah, little did I think to ſee this day!
Muſt Grandſon *Filbert* to the wars be preſt?
Alack! I knew him when he ſuck'd the breaſt,
Taught him his catechiſm, the feſcue held,
And join'd his letters, when the bantling ſpell'd,
His loving mother left him to my care.
Fine child, as like his Dad as he could ſtare!
Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago ſhe dy'd,
And now lies bury'd by the yew-tree's ſide.

AUNT.

O tyrant Juſtices! have you forgot
How my poor brother was in *Flanders* ſhot?
You preſs'd my brother——he ſhall walk in white,
He ſhall—and ſhake your curtains ev'ry night.
What though the paultry hare he raſhly kill'd,
That croſs'd the furrows while he plough'd the field?
You ſent him o'er the hills and far away;
Left his old mother to the pariſh pay,
With whom he ſhared his ten-pence ev'ry day.
Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;
You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout:
You ruin'd my poor uncle at the ſizes,
And made him pay nine pounds for *Niſiprius*.
Now will you preſs my harmleſs nephew too?
Ah, what has conſcience with the rich to do!

[*Sir* Roger *takes up the Tankard.*

Though

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
Yet I can sleep in peace———

Sir ROGER. [*After having drunk.*

——— Woman, forbear.

Sir HUMPHRY. [*Drinking.*

The man's within the act———

Justice STATUTE. [*Drinking also.*

———The law is clear.

SERGEANT.

Haste, let their worships orders be obey'd.

KITTY. [*Kneeling.*

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.
Thus to your worships on my knees I sue,
(A posture never known but in the pew)
If we can money for our taxes find,
Take that—but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.
To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,
The blood of vermine all the blood he shed:
How should he, harmless youth, how should he then
Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

DORCAS.

O *Thomas, Thomas!* hazard not thy life;
By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife:
I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,
I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.
I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;
If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.
How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

[*her hand on her belly.*

He'll have no father——and no husband I.

KITTY.

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:
I can sow plain-work, I can darn and stitch;

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I can bear ſultry days and froſty weather;
Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together;
Beyond the ſeas together will we go,
In camps together, as at harveſt, glow.
This arm ſhall be a bolſter for thy head,
I'll fetch clean ſtraw to make my ſoldier's bed;
There, while thou ſleep'ſt, my apron o'er thee hold,
Or with it patch thy tent againſt the cold.
Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and ſhall I do
That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

FILBERT.

Oh, *Kitty*, *Kitty*, canſt thou quit the rake,
And leave theſe meadows for thy ſweetheart's ſake?
Canſt thou ſo many gallant ſoldiers ſee,
And captains and lieutenants ſlight for me?
Say, canſt thou hear the guns, and never ſhake,
Nor ſtart at oaths that make a chriſtian quake?
Canſt thou bear hunger, canſt thou march and toil
A long long way, a thouſand thouſand mile?
And when thy *Tom*'s blown up, or ſhot away,
Then canſt thou ſtarve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir ROGER. [*Drinking.*

Take out that wench———

Sir HUMPHRY. [*Drinking.*

——— But give her penance meet.

Juſtice STATUTE. [*Drinking alſo.*

I'll ſee her ſtand——next Sunday——in a ſheet.

DORCAS.

Ah! why does nature give us ſo much cauſe
To make kind-hearted laſſes break the laws?
Why ſhould hard laws kind-hearted laſſes bind,
When too ſoft nature draws us after kind?

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERGEANT. [*To* Filbert.

Come, soldier, come——

KITTY.

——Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench;——

AUNT.

——What would the creature do?
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust!——

FILBERT.

——O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?

FILBERT.

——Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day!

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FILBERT.

——Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

O woeful day!

FILBERT.

——A day indeed of woe!

KITTY.

When gentle folks their sweethearts leave behind,
They can write letters, and say something kind;
But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,
When neither I can read, nor he can write?
Yet, Justices, permit us ere we part
To break this nine-pence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT.

[*Breaking the nine-pence.*

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITTY.

[*Joining the pieces.*

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[*She is drawn away on one side of the Stage by* Aunt *and* Grandmother.

Yet one look more——

FILBERT.

[*Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeant.*

——One more ere yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death.——

FILBERT.

——'Tis death to part.

KITTY.

——Ah!

FILBERT.

——Oh!

SCENE

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SCENE III.

SIR ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE, and CONSTABLE.

Sir ROGER. [*Drinking.*

See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. [*Drinking.*

We've business ———

Justice STATUTE. [*Drinking also.*

———To discuss a point of Law.

SCENE IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE.

They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.

I say the Press act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Doubtless, Sir *Roger.*———

Justice STATUTE.

———Brother, without doubt.

A Ghost rises

1st GHOST.

I'm *Jeffry Cackle.*——You my death shall rue;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

[*Pointing to the Justices.*

Another Ghost rises.

2d GHOST.

I'm *Smut*, the farrier.——You my death shall rue;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

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A Woman's Ghost rises.

3d GHOST.

I'm *Bess* that hang'd myself for *Smut* so true;
So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4th GHOST.

I was begot before my mother married,
Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5th GHOST.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[*All Ghosts shake their heads.*

Sir ROGER.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?
You cannot say I did it———

BOTH JUSTICES.

———No—nor we.

1st GHOST.

All three———

2d GHOST.

———All three———

3d GHOST.

———All three———

4th GHOST.

———All three———

5th GHOST.

———All three.

A SONG

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A SONG sung dismally by a GHOST.

YE goblins and fairys,
With frisks and vagarys,
Ye fairys and goblins,
With hoppings and hobblings,
Come all, come all
To Sir Roger's *great hall.*

All fairys and goblins,
All goblins and fairys,
With hoppings and hobblings,
With frisks and vagarys.

CHORUS.

Sing, goblins and fairys,
Sing, fairys and goblins,
With frisks and vagarys,
And hoppings and hobblings.

The ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a fright, and the ghosts vanish.

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A FIELD.

TIMOTHY PEASCOD bound; CORPORAL, SOLDIERS and COUNTRYMEN.

CORPORAL.

STAND off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks——fasten well the stake.

PEASCOD.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.
O fellow soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:
For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my soul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind *Grammer* told me——*Tim*, take warning,
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:
I rob'd the parson's orchard next; and then
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole——a hen.
When I was press'd, I told them the first day
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[*Attempts to run off, but is prevented.*

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[*The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.*

Hold, hold, my friends; nay hold, hold, hold, I pray;
They may go off——and I have more to say.

1st

1st COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk ——

2d COUNTRYMAN.

——Repent thine ill,
And pray in this good book. — [*Gives him a book.*

PEASCOD.

——I will, I will.
Lend me thy handkercher—*The Pilgrim's pro*——
[*Reads and weeps.*
(I cannot see for tears) *Pro*——*Progress*——Oh!
The Pilgrim's Progress——*eighth*——*e-di-ti-on,*
Lon-don—*print-ed*——*for*—*Ni-cho-las Bod ding-ton:*
With new ad-di-tions never made before.
Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.
[*Drops the book.*

SCENE II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

SERGEANT.

What whining's this?——boys, see your guns well ramm'd.
You dog, die like a soldier——and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!——

PEASCOD.

——I should not thus be bound,
If I had Means, and could but raise five pound.
The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,
Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

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FILBERT.

Here——*Peaſcod*, take my pouch——'tis all I own.
(For what is means and life when *Kitty*'s gone!)
'Tis my preſs-money——can this ſilver fail?
'Tis all, except one ſix-pence ſpent in ale.
This had a ring for *Kitty*'s finger bought,
Kitty on me had by that token thought.
But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;
Take it, with all my ſoul——thou'rt welcome to't.
[*Offers him his purſe.*

1ſt COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen-pence———

2d COUNTRYMAN.

———And my cramp-ring.
Would, for thy ſake, it were a better thing.

3d COUNTRYMAN.

And maſter Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4th COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble———

5th COUNTRYMAN.

———And this 'bacco-ſtopper.

SERGEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things———I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! muſt I die?———

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

———Oh! muſt poor *Tim* be ſhot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiſs thee firſt——— [*Embracing* Filbert.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

———Ah, brother *Tim*,
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;
In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.
Oh marry me-- [*To* Filbert.] Thy sister is with child.
[*To* Tim.
And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Could'st thou do this? could'st thou———
[*In anger to* Filbert.

SERGEANT.

———Draw out the men:
Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must *Tim* be dead!———

PEASCOD.

———He must——he must.

DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
—Hold, Sergeant, hold—yet ere you sing the Psalms,
Ah let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true.
I foully wrong'd him——do, forgive me, do.
[*To* Filbert.
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
To swear this child to *Filbert*.———

PEASCOD.

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PEASCOD.

——What a *Jew*
My ſiſter is!——Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [*To* Filb.

FILBERT. [*kiſſes* Dorcas.

But ſee thy baſe-born child, thy babe of ſhame,
Who left by thee, upon our pariſh came,
Comes for thy bleſſing——

SCENE IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

PEASCOD.

——Oh! my ſins of youth!
Why on the haycock didſt thou tempt me, *Ruth*?
O ſave me, Sergeant:——how ſhall I comply?
I love my daughter ſo——I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Muſt father die! and I be left forlorn?
Alack-a-day! that ever *Joyce* was born!
No grandſire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
They ſaid, if ever father got his pay,
I ſhould have two-pence ev'ry market day.

PEASCOD.

Poor child; hang ſorrow, and caſt care behind thee,
The pariſh by this badge is bound to find thee.
[*Pointing to the badge on her arm.*

JOYCE.

The pariſh finds indeed——but our church-wardens
Feaſt on the ſilver, and give us the farthings.

Then

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Then my ſchool miſtreſs like a vixen *Turk*,
Maintains her lazy huſband by our work:
Many long tedious days I've worſted ſpun;
She grudg'd me victuals when my talk was done.
Heav'n ſend me a good ſervice! for I now
Am big enough to waſh, or milk a cow.

PEASCOD.

O that I had by charity been bred!
I then had been much better——taught than fed.
Inſtead of keeping nets againſt the law,
I might have learnt accounts, and ſung *Sol-fa*.
Farewell, my child; ſpin on, and mind thy book,
And ſend thee ſtore of grace therein to look.
Take warning by thy ſhameleſs Aunt; leſt thou
Should'ſt o'er thy baſtard weep——as I do now.
Mark my laſt words——an honeſt living get;
Beware of Papiſhes, and learn to knit.

[Dorcas *leads out* Joyce *ſobbing and crying*.

SCENE V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part——for ſorrow's dry.
To *Tim*'s ſafe paſſage———

[*Takes out a brandy bottle, and drinks.*

1ſt COUNTRYMAN.

———I'll drink too

2d COUNTRYMAN.

———And I.

PEASCOD.

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PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge——'tis my last earthly liquor.
[*Drinks.*
—When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.
[*They lead him to the stake.*

1st COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman——— [*Sighing.*

2d COUNTRYMAN.

———Harrow'd well!

3d COUNTRYMAN.

And at our may-pole ever bore the bell!

PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,
Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;
This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,
I, in this field, should die for a deserter?

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!———

SERGEANT.

———Zooks, here's a pother.
Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[*Distributing his things among his friends.*
Take you my 'bacco-box——my neckcloth, you.
To our kind Vicar send this bottle skrew.
But wear these breeches, *Tom*; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewell———

1st COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, *Tim.*———

2d COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, *Tim.*——

3d

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3d COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

4th COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

[*They all take leave of* Peascod *by shaking hands with him.*

SCENE VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, to them a SOLDIER in great haste.

SOLDIER.

Hold——why so furious, sergeant? by your leave,
Untye the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

[*Shows a paper.*

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN [*Huzzaing.*

A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod *is unty'd, and embraces his friends.*

SCENE VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERGEANT.

For what?———

CONSTABLE.

——For stealing gaffer *Gap*'s gray mare.

[*They seize the* Sergeant.

PEASCOD.

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PEASCOD.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or ſhot?

SERGEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold———

PEASCOD.

——Not if you were my brother.
Why, friend, ſhould you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus ſaid Sir *John* —— the law muſt take its courſe;
'Tis law that he may 'ſcape who ſteals a horſe.
But (ſaid Sir *John*) the ſtatutes all declare,
The man ſhall ſure be hang'd---that ſteals a mare.

PEASCOD.

[*To the* Sergeant.

Ay—right—he ſhall be hang'd that ſteals a mare.
He ſhall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cauſe.
A rare good ſentence this——how is't?——the laws,
No——not the laws——the ſtatutes all declare,
The man that ſteals a mare ſhall ſure—be—hang'd,
No, no——he ſhall be hang'd that ſteals a mare.

[*Exit* Sergeant *guarded*, Countrymen, &c. *buzzaing after him.*

SCENE VIII.

KITTY, *with her hair looſe*, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS, CHORUS *of* SIGHS *and* GROANS.

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:

And

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And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:
With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,
'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown:
On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
While *Tom* gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:
Farewell, farewell; for all thy task is o'er,
Kitty shall want thy service now no more.
[*Flings away the rake.*
CHORUS *of* SIGHS *and* GROANS.
Ah——O!——Sure never was the like before!

KITTY.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.
Our bans thrice bid! and for my wedding-day
My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!
CHORUS *of* SIGHS *and* GROANS.
Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

KITTY.

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side;
You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride:
But I forlorn!——This ballad shews my care;
[*Gives* Susan *a ballad.*
Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:
Susan can sing——do you the burthen bear.

A BALLAD.

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A BALLAD.

I.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?

No

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No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she 'spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

KITTY.

Why in this world should wretched *Kitty* stay?
What if these hands should make myself away?
I could not sure do otherwise than well.
A maid so true's too innocent for hell.
But hark ye, *Cis*——[*Whispers and gives her a penknife.*

AUNT.

—I'll do't—'tis but to try,
If the poor soul can have the heart to die.
[*Aside to the* Haymakers.
Thus then I strike—but turn thy head aside.

KITTY.

'Tis shameful sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.
No—take this cord—— [*Gives her a cord.*

AUNT.

——With this thou shalt be sped.
[*Putting the noose round her neck.*

KITTY.

But curs are hang'd.——

AUNT.

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AUNT.

——Chriſtians ſhould die in bed.

KITTY.

Then lead me thither; there I'll mourn and weep,
And cloſe theſe weary eyes in death.

AUNT.

—or ſleep. [*Aſide.*

KITTY.

When I am cold, and ſtretch'd upon my bier,
My reſtleſs ſprite ſhall walk at midnight here:
Here ſhall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert firſt ſaid he lov'd—lov'd only me. [Kitty *faints.*

GRANDMOTHER.

She ſwoons, poor ſoul—help *Dolly.*

AUNT.

—She's in fits.
Bring water, water, water.—— [*Screaming.*

GRANDMOTHER.

—Fetch her wits.
[*They throw water upon her.*

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a ſtream—look all below;
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.
The meads are all afloat—the haycocks ſwim.
Hah! who comes here!—my *Filbert!* drown not him,
Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,
Churns, ſheep-hooks, ſeas of milk, and honey-mountains.

SCENE

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SCENE IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS, FILBERT.

KITTY.

t is his ghost——or is it he indeed?
Wert thou not sent to war; hah, dost thou bleed?
No——'tis my *Filbert*.

FILBERT.

[*Embracing her.*

——Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,
Dorcas confess'd; the Justice set me free.
I'm thine again.——

KITTY.

——I thine.——

FILBERT.

——Our fears are fled.
Come, let's to church, to church.——

KITTY.

——To wed.

FILBERT.

——To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the Actors.*

SIR ROGER.

Ay now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the Parson? Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the *London* stage.——Why, heigh day! what's our play at a stand?

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Enter a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN.

So pleaſe your worſhip, I ſhould have play'd the Parſon, but our Curate would not lend his gown, for he ſays it is a profanation.

Sir ROGER.

What a ſcrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[*The Juſtices aſſent by nods and ſigns.*

Enter Stave *the Pariſh-clerk.*

STAVE.

Maſter Doctor ſaith he hath two and twenty good reaſons againſt it from the Fathers, and he is come himſelf to utter them to your Worſhip.

Sir ROGER.

What, ſhall our Play be ſpoil'd? I'll have none of his reaſons——call in Mr. *Inference.*

Stave *goes out and re enters.*

STAVE.

Sir, he ſaith he never greatly affected ſtage plays.

[WITHIN.]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

Sir ROGER.

Tell him that I ſay——

[WITHIN.]

Stave, Stave.

Sir ROGER.

What, ſhall the Curate controul me? have not I the preſentation? tell him that I will not have my play ſpoil'd; nay, that he ſhall marry the couple himſelf——I ſay, he ſhall.

Stave *goes out and re-enters.*

STAVE.

The ſteward hath perſuaded him to join their hands in the parlour within——but he ſaith he will not, and cannot in conſcience conſent to expoſe his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will e enter into your worſhip's hall; for he calleth it a age *pro tempore.* Sir

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Sir HUMPHRY.

Very likely: The good man may have reason.

Justice STATUTE.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienced doctor.

Sir ROGER.

Why, what's a play without a marriage? and what is a marriage if one sees nothing of it? Let him have his humour———but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. [*Exit* Stave.

[*Sir* Roger *at the door pointing.*

So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i'faith. To have and to hold! right again——well play'd, doctor; well play'd, Son *Thomas*. Come, come, I'm satisfy'd——now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, *Squire* Thomas, Kitty, Stave, *&c.*

STEWARD.

Sir *Roger*, you are very merry:

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child——she shall study to deserve your favour. [*Presenting* Kitty *to Sir* Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Married! how married! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my son?

STEWARD.

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katherine* may, Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage play, with a pox!

Sir HUMPHRY.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, Sir *Roger*.

Squire

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Squire THOMAS.

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things—but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

Justice STATUTE.

Ay, Sir *Roger*, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir ROGER.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire THOMAS.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is———and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see———so much for that———If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't———sure I must have been married some time or other.

[*Sir* Roger *walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.*

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law———but hold, we must not lose the dance.

A DANCE.

EPILOGUE.

STAVE.

Our stage play has a moral——and no doubt
You all have sense enough to find it out.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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